

# The Adams Sentinel.

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ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NO. 4.

## Choice Poetry.

### BATTLE HYMN.

BY W. W. OLAND BOURNE.

On to the battle-field,  
True to the right;  
God for our aid and shield,  
Strong in his light.  
Brethren! be true and true,  
We have a work to do,  
Let us our vows renew;  
Up in our might!

By the dear land we love,  
Glorious and great;  
By the blue sky above,  
Watching our fate;  
By the dear hearts at home,  
By the bright years to come,  
By the bold traitor's doom,  
Let us not wait.

By the long-cherished dead,  
By our loved ones,  
On with a hero-aim,  
Killing the fiend;  
On the white-towered plain,  
Or where the battle-din,  
Falls to the earth like rain,  
Breathe your desires.

God ever all to thee  
Loudly we beseech;  
Let us thy promise see,  
Victory send;  
Let our dear land be one!  
Freedom and Truth our Sun;  
Let thy pure will be done,  
Unto the end.

## Miscellaneous.

### KATE'S SOLDIER.

"If I were only a man!"

Kate Barclay's eyes flashed with a splendid resolve, a fine blaze of courage.

"If you were, would you not do just the same as now—sit still and wish something else?"

"Why do you judge me so unkindly, Major Ross?"

The lips began to part now; a little tremor to blend with the courage in the blue eyes.

"Because you do not do what you can, even now. If you were not my cousin, I suppose I should not speak to you so plainly. As it is, it vexes me when I hear you wishing, murmuring, moaning, and yet to do the impossible—and yet to never trying to do what is ready in your hand. Do you think there is no better use for the money you are wasting so carelessly in satins and laces? How much was Madame Ferraris' bill last quarter?"

"Money won't fight, and government pays the soldiers—better, I heard you say yesterday, than any army is paid in Europe."

"At by giving a little more than government gives, I think you could hire some one who would not go otherwise, in fight for you."

"A man who a little more money would induce? A man who would go for money, and who would not go without it? Why, such a cowardly soul would get drummed out of the ranks after the first battle!"

Major Ross smiled, a calm, winning smile—such as always provoked his cousin, for it seemed to her like an assertion of superiority.

"You just look at one side of your question, Kate, and then jump at your conclusion. I know a man who told me yesterday that he would go to war if he could afford it—a man who is neither cold or cowardly. He has a sister, a girl of fifteen. The two are orphans, and his mother's dying breath gave her to his care. They were well born, but they had fallen into poverty, and he resolved that his sister should have the education of a lady. She is at school now. If he had the means to leave her provided for, he would enlist; but what if he should die, and the poor, pretty, undisciplined child should be left alone in the wide world, with no means of support, no protector, no friend? Could he answer it to his mother when he met her in the country which souls people?"

Kate had listened with breathless interest.

"Would he fight well?" she asked, musingly.

"No man better. There is not a drop of coward blood in his veins. He is the very one I would choose to stand beside me in the front of the fray."

"If he were sure his sister would be provided for in the event of his death, you think he would go?"

"I know it. His whole heart is in the fight now. If he were sure that she could be secured from future privation or friendlessness, his name would be enrolled to-morrow."

Kate's face glowed with eager resolve.

"He should be sure. I cannot give my life to my country. I ought not to shrink from giving everything else. That girl is an orphan like me. She shall be my sister. I will undertake her expenses while her brother is away, and, if he dies, she shall share dollar for dollar with me all that I possess."

Major Ross looked at his young cousin almost reverently. He was just beginning to see below the happy, careless surface of her nature. But he made no comment on her resolve.

"Wait here," he said simply. "I will bring you my soldier."

In half an hour he returned. He brought with him a man, tall, athletic, strong, with a fine brave and masterful rather than handsome.

"Miss Barclay, this is Mr. Keene—Richard Keene."

So much of introduction performed, Major Ross went out and left Kate to make her bargain.

Mr. Keene was thoroughly well bred. In the particular circumstances in which he

was placed—sorely trying they would have been to most men—he was able to stave clear of any false pride or embarrassment.

"Miss Barclay," he said, bowing, "I am told that, by way of doing your part toward the war, you wish to hire me as a substitute to fight your battles for you. My terms are easily stated. All I ask is a security that my sister's education shall be carried on, as I have commenced it, until she is able to support herself by teaching."

"I am ready to provide for all her expenses and to charge myself with the care of her future, should there be need of my protection."

"So much as that is not necessary. While I live I could not allow you to undertake all her expenses. So far as my pay as a soldier can go, it must be applied to her support. For the rest I accept your offer in the spirit in which it is made. I will remember you when I fight, and heaven helping me, you shall not be ashamed of your substitute."

Kate's eyes grew misty. He was so calm in his resolve to brave danger and death—seemed to consider himself so little. She longed to beg him, as a sister might have done, not to be rash, not to count unnecessary peril, but something restrained her. She only asked:

"When will you take me to see your sister? It is better I should be introduced to her by you. She will feel more that she belongs to me when you have confided her to my protection."

"You are right. I will take you now, if you please. I wish to march with the 28th to-morrow, and there is no time to lose. Poor Emily, it will be hard on her."

In five minutes more Miss Barclay was walking toward Graneray Park with her soldier by her side. She stole a look now and then at his face. It was calm and firm—no marks there of weakness or irresolution. She began to be proud of him. Soon they sat in Miss Dupont's front parlor waiting for Emily.

As she came through the door her brother met her, and drew her with him into the back room. He had said to Miss Barclay that it was better that he should speak to her first quite alone.

Waiting there, Kate heard the sound of earnest talk, many a time, and a few words in a voice full of tears, then again the low, many tones; and then, after a while, Mr. Keene led his sister in.

"Miss Barclay," he said, here is your protégée. She quite understands your position as regards her, and I hope she will exact little, and not make you much trouble."

Kate's warm heart overflowed instantly. She put her arm around the trembling girl, and drew her to her side. She whispered:

"I have no mother, dear, and no sister. I shall need you as much as you need me. Let us love one another."

Mr. Keene did not hear the whisper, but he saw the quick blush of pleasure flash in his sister's cheek, and the cooing gesture with which her hand stole into her new friend's, and he was satisfied.

We need not detain Miss Barclay any longer," he said gently. "I will walk home with her now. This afternoon I shall be busy, but I will come to you again this evening."

There were few words spoken during the short walk, but when they were parting on Miss Barclay's door step, she gave her hand to Richard Keene, and said earnestly:

"Do not doubt that all I can do for your sister will be a labor of love. There has been a vacant place in my heart, a lonely longing for some one to care for, and she will fill it. If—her eyes filled with tears—"if anything should happen, she shall be as near to me as she would have been to you."

Richard Keene pressed the hand he held.

"I believe you," he said, "Emily is a good child. You will not find in her coldness or ingratitude."

That evening Kate Barclay sat alone, living over in thought the paring which she knew was taking place, fancying how those two, who were all the world to each other, would say good-by—a good by which might, all too possibly, be forever. She almost repented of her own doing—not quite—for she knew her soldier's heart was in his work, and she felt that if he had been her own brother she could have sent him forth as cheerfully. She was not dealing to another such measure as she would not have borne to have dealt to herself.

It was a little past nine o'clock when the bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Keene. She had not expected after their bargain was made to see him again; but she was glad after all that he should have reckoned her among the number of those to whom it became him to say farewell.

"I have been bidding Emily good-by," he said, as he sat down. "I had to leave her at nine o'clock, and I thought I might venture to come to you. After all, it is by your means that I go, and that makes a sort of tie between us; a bond which it would be presumption to call friendship, and yet which will make me think of you when I am gone."

Kate had not the courage to tell him that his young sister's thoughts would interest him with a more constant interest than her own. She asked him instead how Emily had borne the parting.

"Bravely," he answered. "He knew the child's heart had been almost broken, but she kept back any utterance of complaint or lamentation, whose memory might have unnerved him when the hour came to test his courage."

Then there was silence between them for a few moments, and he was the first to break it.

"I will tell you honestly why I came here to-night, Miss Barclay. I have been thinking how possible it is that I might never come back, and if that happened, I feared you might regret that you sent me away. I wanted to guard against your vexing yourself with any such needless sorrow. It was the one longing of my heart to go, and if I could have effected it in any other way I should have done so long ago. Come what may, I shall never be sorry. I have but one life, and there is nothing else I would like so well to do with it as to give it to my country. I can trust Emily to you without fear, and she was all I had to keep me back."

In any event, I want you should be thankful as I shall be, that you helped me to go."

Kate's tears were choking her. How manly he was! how unselfish; trying, even in this last hour, to shield her whom he so dearly loved, from a possible pang; she could not speak, but she put out her hand. He took it tenderly.

"I am going now," he said, his eyes resting on her as if he longed to soothe away her tears, as he might have done his sister's. "God keep you, Miss Barclay, and give me strength to fight valiantly in the cause for which you have sent me forth to do battle."

Before she could speak the "good-byes" which trembled on her lips he was gone. Would she ever see him again—her soldier?

The next Saturday the principal of the establishment at Graneray Park was summoned to an interview with Miss Barclay. The latter lady explained briefly the relation of protectress in which she stood to Miss Emily Keene, and expressed her desire that thereafter her ward should spend all her vacations and every Sunday at her house. The poor, solitary, bereaved child was glad enough to go home with her; and that was the beginning of a true sisterly love between those two.

As the months passed on they grew nearer and nearer to each other, until Emily could scarcely have told which was dearer, the brother far away, or the sister she had found at home. Kate's life had been solitary hitherto, since her parents died. The young girl filled up a void in it, and made her each better and happier.

They read war news together, and traced out maps the routes of the armies. Emily herself was scarcely more excited over the news of a battle than was her friend, who followed with ceaseless anxiety and daily prayers the fate of the soldier whom she had sent into the field. For a long time he seemed to be Fortune's soldier also. He had been noticed by his valor, and promoted from the ranks; but he passed through all perils unharmed. Often Miss Barclay recalled their first interview—saw again, as for the first time, the tall, athletic figure—the resolute, masterful face—the clear, honest eyes; perhaps she liked Emily all the better that those same honest gray eyes shone from under her thoughtful forehead.

All this time, while danger seemed not to touch Richard Keene, she had a presentiment that his hour of doom was coming. She never spoke of this to Emily, and the child, lulled to a sense of security by his past immunity from harm, was growing to think of him cheerfully. His letters came often, written in good spirits, addressed always to his sister, but never without some cordial, reverent, almost tender mention of her who sent him forth to fight the great fight in her stead. Still the subtle sense which foretells coming danger haunted Miss Barclay like a phantom. She could not tell it.

A day came at last when she opened the paper, feeling what its contents were before she saw them. She read there that Richard Keene was dead. The Federals had been repulsed, leaving their dead, of whom he was one, for the enemy to bury.

She read the tidings calmly. She knew he had died as he would have wished, for she recalled his parting words. Her soldier was gone—her sister in the war. Her hopes of success seemed to have died with him. She did not feel like weeping. She scarcely knew that she felt at all; only the cold, dull ache that made her clasp her hand tight to her heart remained her. She said to herself, still calmly:

"I must go to Emily and tell her that I sent her brother to his death."

She put on her things, and wondered vaguely that she did not weep as she saw her own still, composed, face in the glass. Emily came to her, in the same room, the front parlor at school, where they had met first—came joyful with welcome, but started back, appalled by the white, still face she met. Miss Barclay went up to her and said, drearily:

"Emily, I am all you have now. He is gone!"

The girl to whom the news came with such full suddenness, burst into a passion of grief; and then, trying to comfort her, her friend wept also, and the tears were a strange solace. She took Emily home with her—her sister from henceforth. She might go back to school another year, perhaps; at present they had need of each other.

How dreary the months were which followed! Emily was the first to learn resignation for the loss of her dead, who died so gloriously. Kate was haunted forever, as he had feared she would be, by the idea that she had sent him to his death; and that not even the memory of his own assurances, those generous last words of his, could give her comfort.

The summer came—the summer of '62—bringing bird-song and blossom. The lonely, sequestered, sad-looking place, the waves, and shook the pine trees into melody. From afar Miss Barclay seemed to catch scent and sound. It roused her to wish to tread the sea-side rocks, and press her careless foot-steps in the white sands of the beach. They went to a pleasant, quiet spot, which, as yet, not enough people had found to spoil. And there the roses began to come slowly back to Miss Barclay's cheek, and the light to her eyes. She might grow cheerful again in time, she thought, if only her fancy would cease to picture one awful scene—a battle field, where the setting sun searched with red beams for the slain, and found one face, a face she knew, with clear honest eyes and mouth that would never smile more. Did they wound him—mutilate him after he was dead? She had heard such things—she wished she could forget them.

Walking alone one day, she heard on the path behind her, voices—Emily's and another. She turned suddenly. Were her senses dazzled? Did she dream? Do the dead walk? She saw a face over which Southern turf must have grown long ago, unless it bleached white, unburied on the ghastly battle-field. Sight and sense failed her. For the first time in her life she fainted. When she recovered she saw only Emily. The child spoke eagerly:

"It was my brother, alive, himself. He was wounded, not dead. They took him prisoner, and last week he was exchanged. When he came to New York he found we were here, and followed us."

She had poured the words in Kate's ear with might and main, bent on making her understand the truth lest she might faint again. But such swoons do not happen twice in one day. Miss Barclay comprehended all now, and was herself again; ready, with courteous greeting, for him who came down the path—the returned warrior, with the scar sewing his broad brow, and showing how near he had come to the fate she had feared.

He had a furlough to get well in, he said, and then was going back.

Of course he staid with them at the Seaside for a while, and of course they nursed and petted him as women always do their returned heroes. It was strange how soon the sadness went out of Kate's heart, the melancholy out of her manner. One day he said to her:

"You are too kind to me."

"I do not feel as if I could be," she answered, "when I remember what you have suffered and who sent you forth to fight."

He did not speak again for a moment, and then he asked a strange question:

"Miss Barclay, what would you think of a man, an honest man, who loved a woman dearly, and felt in his very soul that he was her peer, but did not ask her to marry him because she was rich and he was poor, and he knew the world would brand him a fortune hunter?"

Miss Barclay blushed, but she answered bravely:

"I should think poorly of a poor man's courage whom the world's opinion could sway in the most sacred matters of his heart and his life; and if he believed the lady would ever remember on which side the fortune was, I should wonder at him for thinking her worthy of his love."

His eyes—those honest, earnest eyes—looked at her with something in their glance which thrilled her heart with a strange, new, dim joy. He only said:

"Kate, you know I love you. When I fight again, will you pray for me at home? Whose soldier shall I be?"

I think he told him before her words did, but he bent tenderly to hear the answer:

"Mine."

Well Speaking.

A pastor was making a call upon an old lady, who made it a habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely, that he always justified those whom she heard evil spoken of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were speaking of this peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added:

"Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find out some virtue or good quality even in him."

Of course, this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, she immediately and voluntarily replied:

"Well, my dear children, I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance."

A Tall Marriage Notice.

We take the liberty of publishing the following marriage notice, cut from the New York Herald. We commend it to the eyes of our young friends who may be contemplating the "fatal leap," as a FIRST CLASS notice. It cannot be denied that there is some "STYLE" about it. How are you, Wilhelmina?

HARRISON—FUNK.—On Monday, August 11, on board the Holland bark Emille, Capt. Wolf, in the harbor of Amoy, China, by Arthur B. Bradford, Esq., Consul of the United States for the port of Amoy and its dependencies, assisted by Charles F. M. DeGoyes, Esq., Consul for the Netherlands, and the Rev. E. Doty, Mr. AUGUSTINE JOSEPH FRANKS HARRISON, of Morrisania, New York, now of the I. M. Customs, of Amoy, to Miss FRANKLIN WILHELMINA PETROSKELLA FUNK, of Samwang, Island of Java.

A Negro's Opinion.—A letter from Snoker's Gap, Virginia, says: "At one farm house a venerable African asked, 'Is dat all de army ob de Nor?' "No," replied our wagish surgeon, 'de last end is just coming through Bangor, Maine.' "Bless my soul, whar dey all crow? Massa Linkum's got de biggest pile dis time, any how."

## A Schoolmaster in Minnesota.

From Harper's Magazine.

A friend of ours from Pennsylvania visited Goodhue county, Minnesota, last fall, in search of a schoolmaster's berth. After traveling on foot for several days, without seeing a single school house or even being able to secure a school trustee, he one afternoon approached a log cabin and a large pile of pumpkins, near which was an "intelligent-looking farmer" engaged in fashioning an ox-yoke. His appearance indicated that he might possibly be a man having authority in the educational transactions of his neighborhood. Under this pleasant impression the following conversation took place, which conveys an idea of the manner in which educational matters are "done up" in some of the corners of our American "backwoods."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"How-do-do?"

"I have been traveling through your country for the purpose of securing, if possible, a situation as school teacher. Can you inform me where the president of your school board resides?"

"A schoolmaster you be? Don't know where our president's shanty is—don't know whether he's got one."

"What wages do your people pay school teachers?"

"What wages? Really, young man, I can't say. I have you made a 'claim' yet?"

"No, sir; I don't think I shall make one. Do you think I could get a school in your district if I should make application?"

"Really, don't know. Reckon not, though. Kin you drive oxen?"

"No, sir; never did any farming or teaming. Educated for a school teacher in Oneida township, Somerset county, Pennsylvania."

"Yas, kin you maul rails? Great chances for sich bizness over in the Norwegian settlement."

"No, sir; am not accustomed to perform such severe manual labor. Perhaps you can tell me where I will find your school district superintendent? He could inform me whether your district needs more teachers."

"No, young man, I can't. To be p'inted about the matter, we don't have no school-masters in these parts, nor school trustees, nor no district superintendent, as you call him. All the settlers is busy with their claims, and don't have no time for sich unimportant consairs. An' let me recommend you, if you don't know nothing else than to keep school, and don't keer about making a claim, an' can't drive oxen or maul rails, to go back to Somerset county an' stay there. People come to Minnesota to git land an' make money, 'cause they see it's a great country. Book learnin's no good, and we don't want no schoolers. We want enterprisin' men!"

"Yes, I see," replied our exasperated friend. "This is a great country, and you might have added, in the words of Gen. Ogles, of Somerset county, 'it's all fenced in yet.'"

"Yas."

And there the colloquy ended. Our friend, in high dudgeon, left the intelligent-looking farmer and the Territory, strongly impressed with the conviction that Minnesota is "no great shakes" after all.

## The Celestial State.

Old Ricketts was a man of labor, and had little or no time to devote to speculations of the future. He was vital, rather uncouth in the use of language.

One day, while engaged in stopping hog-holes about his place, he was approached by a colporteur and presented with a tract.

"What is all this about?" demanded Ricketts.

"That sir, is a book describing the celestial state," was the reply.

"Celestial State," said Ricketts. "And where the deuce is that?"

"My worthy friend, I fear that you have not."

"Well, never mind," interrupted old Ricketts, "I do not want to hear about any better State than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here, if I can keep them damned tormenting hogs out!"

SMART.—A gentleman, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around him were proposing congratulations to each other. Turning to his companion, he said:

"Why is a lady unlike a mirror?"

"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, a lady speaks without reflecting."

"And why are you unlike a mirror?" asked the lady. He could not tell. "Because a mirror is smooth and polished, and you are rough and unpolished."

The gentleman owned that there was one lady who did not speak without both reflecting and casting reflections.

An Irish preacher was once considerably annoyed (as many before have since and likewise been) by persons getting up and going out of church during the sermon. His patience being exhausted, he stopped his discourse, and exclaimed:

"Go on, my lad, I've seen the top of your head, that's enough!"

The fellow turned around, and, with an angry, menacing look, muttered:

"I'll see you again, sir!"

"You had better see me now," replied the preacher, "for when I'm in the pulpit, I fight for the Saviour, but when I'm out of it I fight for myself."

A great man is one who can make his children obey him when they are out of his sight.

## Lost Children.

From Harper's Magazine.

The following beautiful sentiment, in regard to the future condition of children, is from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher:

"When God gave me a babe, I say, 'I thank God for this lump of clay in my family.' And when after it has been a light in my household two or three years, it pleases God to take it away, I can take the cup, bitter or sweet; I can say, 'My light has gone out; my heart is sapped; my hopes are desolated; my child is lost—my child is lost.' Or, I can say, in the spirit of Job: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' It pleased God to take five children from me, but I never lost one, and never shall. When I have a child, Christ comes, with a divine covering, and he says to me, in words of tenderness, 'Will you not give me the child, and let me take care of it, instead of yourself?' my flesh may remonstrate, but my heart says, 'Lord, take it and adopt it.' I have lived long enough since the taking away of my children, to find that it is better as it is, than that they should have remained with me. I have seen a great many cases and troubles for a person of my years, but I bear witness that God has put no trial upon me which has not been good for me to endure."

As believers in Christianity, which reveals God as our Father, and heaven as our eternal home, it is our privilege to feel that, when our children are taken from us, they are not lost to us, but only pass on before us to the spirit world, to become angelic beings around the burning throne of God and the Lamb. Jesus declared that of such is the kingdom of heaven. They have gone from us, to live with the crowned immortals, to be watched for and cared for by the angels of light; and we doubt not that they will be among the first to welcome us to the shining courts on high."

## PUBLIC PRAYER.

The most common fault in public prayer is carelessness. A well meaning brother commences to pray without that careful weighing of thoughts and words which he would feel to be proper if he were about to commence a speech. He utters words which may be expressive of his feelings, but which seem to fail to arouse that sympathy and unity of feeling which should be manifested in a praying congregation. The congregation may realize that he is leading in prayer, but they cannot realize it to such an extent as to follow him. His carelessness leads him into the utterance of a succession of stereotyped commonplace sayings, which a few moments of careful thought before prayer might cause him to avoid; not that these stereotyped sayings may not in themselves be good and desirable petitions, but that they have fallen so often on the ears of those who are being led in prayer, as to lose all that life and earnestness which should be the characteristic of every prayer offered to God.

In public prayer we cannot be too earnest; we cannot be too direct and pointed in our petitions; and we need not be afraid of making our prayers too short. A very common error is to spin them out to such a length that we may almost seem to think we shall be heard "for our much speaking." Notice the earnestness and directness of the petitions in the Lord's prayer, the publican's prayer in the temple, Peter's prayer when he was sinking, the prayer of the dying thief on the cross; then compare them with some of the long strung prayers that we sometimes hear. Which is the best?

## Husband and Wife.

Addison has left on record the following important sentence: "Two persons, who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to become each other's mutual comfort and entertainment have, in that very action, bound themselves to be good humored, affable, joyful, forgiving and patient, with respect to each other's frailties, and imperfections, to the end of their lives."

MARTIN VAN BUREN'S WILL.—The will of President Van Buren has been admitted to probate at Hudson. It is dated January 18, 1860, and commences as follows:

"I, Martin Van Buren, of the town of Kinderhook, county of Columbia, and State of New York, heretofore Governor of the State, and more recently President of the United States, for the last and happiest year of my life a farmer in my native town, do make and declare the following to be my last will and testament, &c."

An exchange has the following as an excellent system of gardening for ladies:—

"Make your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness."

One of the most telling descriptions of "forlornity" we have heard was that of a boy who asked a Boston police officer for shelter in the station house:—"See Cap'n, first my father died, and my mother married again, and then my mother died, and my father married again; an' somehow or other, I don't seem to have no parents at all, nor no home, nor no nothing!"

## Present to the Kings of Sweden and Denmark.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—Our Ministers at the Courts of Denmark and Sweden having recently observed in the possession of the Sovereigns of those countries presents from European and other governments, but none from the United States, suggest that some appropriate marks of respect be forwarded to them. Accordingly the President has procured two beautifully manufactured rosewood boxes, mounted with silver, each containing two of the Army patent Colt's revolvers, the stocks enameled with silver, and the barrels elaborately chased with gold, and bearing figures of agriculture, commerce and the arts. They will at once be sent to our Ministers for presentation to the Sovereigns for whom they are intended. Each case and contents cost about \$500.

## A HARD FIGHT BETWEEN A MAN AND A HORSE.

The following singular occurrence as having taken place in the township of Walsingham, Canada—"Mr. Abraham Bradlow had a very narrow escape one day last week from being killed by a horse, and as soon as he got near the animal it pitched at him in a determined and savage manner, biting Bradlow fearfully. Bradlow is a strong, able man, and a good horseman, and he fought the horse as long as he could with the bridle, but finding he did not heed that weapon, he threw his arms around the horse's neck and his feet around his fore legs. While in this position he threw the horse down. This of course broke his hold; and the horse soon got up again and continued the fight with renewed severity. Finally Bradlow threw himself flat on the ground, giving up all hope; the horse continued to bite him for some time after he lay perfectly still. Even after the animal had left and gone some distance it returned and bit Bradlow several times. Strange to say the horse did not strike or attempt to stamp the man, but tried and did kneel on him, as if trying to crush him with his knees. Bradlow had his clothes almost torn off, and from one of his arms the flesh

## Provost marshals, deputies, military policemen, and officers specially detailed for the purpose, are now being sent to all the principal cities, and over all the lines of railroads throughout the country, to collect the names of officers absent from the armies in the field and in garrison; and all officers so found absent, without the proper and specific authority prescribed in the general orders of the War Department, will be either immediately and ignominiously dismissed from the service, or will be placed on trial for desertion while in presence of the enemy. It is understood that a long list of names for dismissal has been already prepared, and that numerous dismissals for cause will be made in a few days. Indeed, the rumor prevails, and there is reason to believe that more than a thousand commissioned officers are now absent without leave, and so reported, all of whom will be dismissed under circumstances attaching disgrace to their names, and leaving them no possibility for a return to the service, or any other employment under the National Government.

## A McCLELLAN STORY FOR SOUTHERN CIRCULATION.

The following from the Richmond correspondent of the Charleston Mercury shows the style of stories which the Southern Bohemians get up for their employers:

"An intelligent and entirely trustworthy private, who was taken prisoner at Antietam, pronounced in Maryland A-to-yan, accent on the last syllable, says he was lodged not far from McClellan's headquarters, and often saw him. He is sure he is drinking hard; he was once an inveterate toper, I hear, but was reclaimed by his wife. His habit is to talk out loudly to the group which assembles around him, and this prisoner says he one day heard him exclaim: 'The demagogues have got us into this trouble and are keeping us in. If the matter were left to General Lee and myself we could settle it in half an hour.'"

## A STRANGER ON A STRANGE BUSINESS.

On Wednesday a fine-looking man, with a turban upon his head, was passing on State street. Upon inquiry we learned that he was an Arab, a native of Morocco, and a follower of the "Great Prophet." He was selling books and amulets. The "Amulet," he says, "is a berry that grows upon a tree in a botanic garden, on Mount Lebanon, near Jerusalem, and has been used in the four quarters of the globe as a preventive of cholera, scarlet fever, and other contagious diseases." Mr. Edrei has this advertisement gratis. He appeared every way a gentleman, of many form, good intellect, and considerable culture. *Newburyport Herald.*

## The Territory of Nevada, that great and wealthy gold and silver spot, scarcely marked on the geography maps of Europe, will furnish no less than \$3,000,000 in silver and gold per month, shortly. From the number of companies and associations recently formed in California and Nevada Territory, the amount of bullion must be materially augmented; a great amount of capital will be invested, and the miners, and the working classes generally, can find no better field than this new territory.

## SWALLOWED A BRASS THIMBLE.—The

Lafayette (Indiana) Courier says that a little girl near that city swallowed a brass thimble in the early part of last month, and is now gradually sinking under the effects of the poisonous metal, and has been giving up to die.

## FOOTBOARD PROPOSITION.—An extraordinary balloon ascension is gravely proposed in England. Mr. Glaisher, who has already ascended six miles, has been challenged by a Mr. Simons to ascend with him to a height of eleven miles.



## THE ADAMS SENTINEL

GETTYSBURG:

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 2, 1862.

Thanksgiving-day was very generally observed in Gettysburg on Thursday last. Every place of business was closed, and the ordinary quiet of our Sabbaths prevailed during the morning. The Presbyterian, German Reformed, and Meth. E. Churches were open for services, and were filled with attentive hearers—Rev. Mr. WARNER officiating in the first, Rev. Mr. BUCHER in the second, and Rev. Mr. BERKSTRESSER in the third. In the afternoon, there was a very kindly interchange of social feeling in our midst, and "Thanksgiving-day" passed off very pleasantly.

### A Mean Act.

Last evening, two men in the uniform of their country, no doubt hailing from "Camp Gettysburg," went into a small store in this place, kept by an excellent young lady, who is striving to support herself in this honorable manner; and after examining and trying on some splendid Buckskin Gloves, valued at \$1.50, declined taking any, but immediately on their departure, one of the pair of Gloves was missing—beyond a doubt, secreted and carried off by one of those men. We hope an eye may be kept on men in camp who flourish an elegant Buckskin Glove, with black facings; and if they cannot give a good account of the purchase, let them be told they should return them at once to their lawful owner.—We have the name of the young lady.

Col. S. S. McCREARY, of Gettysburg, has been appointed Provost Marshal for Adams county. He has a good deal, we hear it reported, to search out and correct—such as desertions among the drafted men, absent soldiers, &c. &c.; and it is to be hoped he will spare no pains to correct all the evils which it comes under his jurisdiction to correct.

### "Camp Gettysburg."

The drafted men at our Camp have received their arms and uniforms, and present quite a soldierly appearance. Two Companies, one from Franklin county, Capt. Funk, the other from Cumberland county, Capt. Rupp, joined the Camp on Wednesday—thus completing the full regiment, of ten companies.

On Monday last, they proceeded to the election of Field officers, which resulted in the choice of Maj. Buehler, of the 87th, as Colonel; Capt. Stuart, Lieut. Colonel; and Capt. Nash, Major. They are all excellent officers. We learn that Dr. Fahnestock had at first been chosen Lieut. Col., but the directions of the Governor being that the superior officers must have been one year in service, induced the change.

All the drafted men of the State have been ordered forthwith to Washington by the Adjutant General; and we presume those at "Camp Gettysburg" will leave here in a day or two. From other parts of the State many have already been sent on, and the Northern Central Railroad is doing its utmost in transportation. As soon as cars can be had, it is understood our Regiment will move.

### School House Burnt.

We learn that on last night week, one of the public school houses in Germany township, was destroyed by fire. It was the work of an incendiary.

### Revenue Stamps.

The Deputy Collector for this county, Col. TATE, has received a supply of Stamps of several kinds, which he will furnish to applicants therefor. Those required in all kinds of Bank operations, can be had from Mr. CARSON, Cashier.

Congress assembled yesterday, and we have not a doubt a quorum was present. The Message of the President would, of course, be delivered at once. It was ready for the purpose. It will be an interesting document, and will, beyond a doubt, give a full and fair representation of the affairs of the country.

OUR EXPORTS.—The rebellion has diminished our exports the past year one hundred and thirty-four millions of dollars compared with 1860. The exports from the South have diminished one hundred and ninety-six millions, the difference between the two sums above named being caused by an excess of Northern exports of sixty-two millions of dollars over the Northern exports of 1860. These facts which are reported by correspondents at Washington, probably come from the Secretary of the Treasury's report.

BOTH the Senators and Representatives from Minnesota are urgent in requesting the President to approve the sentence of death upon the Indians in that State guilty of the late outrages there. The President, however, as well as the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is opposed to the infliction of punishment of such severity.

It is reported that four millions worth of army supplies were returned over the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to Alexandria from Warrenton, in a single day. Two hundred and twenty-five cars loaded with these stores.

### A Mechanical Operation.

We observe a notice in a very respectable journal, of Friday last, not twenty miles from Gettysburg, (and its leading article,) that "A Revival of Religion" will be commenced on Sunday evening, in the church, under the auspices of ———, Pastor.

We copy no names, either of place or Pastor. But we were startled at an announcement like this—that, in our enlightened Christian age, MAN should take the prerogative of announcing when a revival of religion should take place. We had been taught from early childhood, that such events were the results of the influences of the Holy Spirit, and we could not refrain from a notice of the strange announcement.

The following is a list of citizens of this county, who were carried off and made prisoners by Stuart's rebel cavalry, when they made their dash through this county:

Jno. B. Paxton, Jno. C. Martin, Sanford Shroeder, S. Shields Hunter, Abraham Stocklager, Nelson Boyd, Lewis Pittinger, Andrew Low, Andrew Warren, David Baker and Andrew Hartman.

They are now confined in the Libby prison in Richmond, where they are held as hostages. We are pleased to be able to state, however, that an effort is being made to have them released or exchanged. Influential friends have had an interview with Adjutant General Thomas, who assured them that he would give the subject his immediate attention, and that there was a fair prospect of having an exchange effected soon.—Star.

It is a remarkable fact, that, although every Democratic politician, and newspaper, is satisfied, that the Emancipation Proclamation of the President can be of no practical advantage, yet the Rebel press indicate serious alarm at it, and never mention it but in the most bitter terms, thus showing it to be a most dreaded enemy.

At the commencement of the war for the preservation of the Union the 7-30 loan was subscribed for at par by the banks, as a matter of patriotism. Now, Secretary Chase is able to sell the same loan at more than three per cent. premium, and the biddings are large for more. The public credit has not only been sustained, but is rising higher, under all the difficulties of the times. Secretary Chase and the country may well be proud of such results.

A German, in Chambersburg, named Henry Piesler, committed suicide a few days ago by taking laudanum. He was of intemperate habits. He was 48 years of age, and had a family.

By an arrival at New York we have intelligence from New Orleans to the 20th ult. A large and powerful fleet had concentrated in the Mississippi, the river boats being armed, and great activity prevailed preparatory to the renewal of offensive operations. The guerrillas have recommenced firing upon the boats on the river. Gen. Butler was about to place overseers on the confiscated plantations in order to save the cotton crop.

### To the People of East Tennessee—A Card from Farnson Brownlow.

Parson Brownlow has issued, through the columns of the Nashville Union, a card to the people of East Tennessee. We copy the following extracts:

The people of Tennessee, who have gone into this rebellion, can either lay aside their weapons of warfare, and submit to the Government of the United States, or they can continue to resist the national authority, and take the consequences, which, I assure them, will be utter ruin of their country, and their temporal prospects, for years to come. They may flatter themselves that they can't be subjugated, and that may be true; I can tell them what they will have to abide by in lieu of subjugation, and that is extermination.

I tell the people of Tennessee, and of the whole South, not to flatter themselves that the going against the Republicans, in the recent elections in certain Northern and Northwestern States, promises any "aid and comfort" to their unholy cause. I was in those States at the time, and claim to have been familiar with the issue. The Democratic candidates who were elected, pledged themselves to a more vigorous prosecution of the war, and complained before the people of the inefficiency of the present Administration in prosecuting the war. This, together with the fact that most of the thousands in the army, from each of these States, were the friends of the Administration and of the war, enabled the new candidates to succeed. But one sentiment animates the bosoms of the great body of the people of the loyal States, and that is the putting down of the rebellion, the restoration of the Union, and the causing of the stars and stripes again to float over every State now in rebellion. I have canvassed the North and Northwest for the last eight months, and I have made myself familiar with her resources. They are inexhaustible. There are no signs of the existence of war in the loyal States, only as one sees them in the newspapers and in the transportation of troops. The United States Government has the money and credit, the men and munitions of war, the provisions and other supplies, to an unlimited extent, and will put down this infernal rebellion, or exterminate the race of men in rebellion!

General Butler has a brother in Paris who has written to the London Globe a letter, in which he defends the General against charges which the Times made against him. Many families in New Orleans have collected their silver and attempted to smuggle it to England, contrary to the laws. As articles of value they were stopped by order of Gen. Butler, and for this act the Times complained and threw out insinuations against him.

### The News.

Despatches from the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac dated Sunday evening report "all quiet along the lines," an announcement more familiar than welcome. Five of our gunboats have gone up the Rappahannock to near Port Royal, which is about twenty miles below Fredericksburg. The right wing of the Rebel army extends nearly to that point. The Rebels are extending and increasing the number of their batteries, and have crowded the range of hills in the rear of Fredericksburg with an almost continuous range of redoubts and rifle pits. Gen. Burdette visited Washington on Friday evening and returned to the army on Saturday. Some of Hampton's Rebel cavalry penetrated our lines above Fredericksburg on Friday and captured two companies of Pennsylvania cavalry belonging to Gen. Averell's brigade. There are various reports about their strength; some say that Bragg's army has come up, and that Jackson is close at hand; but there is nothing known for certain except that they have a large and constantly increasing force, and show every disposition to make a determined resistance to the crossing of our troops.

### The Maryland Political Prisoners.

The Baltimore American, in a very truthful article in regard to the arrest of a number of disloyal Marylanders, at the commencement of the rebellion, their confinement since, and their release a few days ago on the ground that the dangers which surrounded us at the time of their arrest have now passed, says:

"If there was doubt in the first place as to the wisdom of the policy pursued by the Government, the last shadow of doubt has been removed long since. From that date to this our community has been measurably quiet; saved from those terrible convulsions and disturbances which elsewhere have been fought with the most horrible bloodshed and suffering. It is there those who, in their forced seclusion, have nursed the idea that they were needlessly the victims of a 'military necessity,' and if such will only look backward and compare the present fortunate position of Maryland with that of other States with whom we were to have been dragged into a rebellious alliance, even such men should now acknowledge their former mistake.

Finally, we congratulate these gentlemen and their families on their return amongst us. As some of our most prominent, and amongst our best citizens before these troubles fell upon us, the loyal will regard them as the victims of a terrible delusion indeed, but as men who have expiated their errors by their imprudence. Setting now that example of obedience to the Government and the laws all loyal citizens should observe, there need be nothing in the future to mar the harmony of their relations with any."

The Wheeling Intelligence supports the project of admitting the proposed new State of Kanawha on the basis of emancipation, and there seems to be a large party all over that region in favor of it. This question will come up for final decision at the session of Congress this winter, having gone over the mass of unfinished business for last session. There are few slaves remaining within its limits. This region all lies north of the great compromise boundary line of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes.

### What the Rebels Expect from their Northern Sympathizers.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligence of Oct. 28 has a long and very sharp review of General Bragg's campaign in Kentucky, in which it shows up the incapacity of that General. The following is an extract showing the hopes entertained at the South and the reliance placed upon such rebellion sympathizers as Vallandigham, Bright and others:

Had General Bragg done his duty as well and promptly as General Smith did, Louisville would have been ours. Cincinnati would have furnished us with supplies, while Columbus, Ohio, might have been our headquarters. Then would the Vallandighams of Ohio, and the Brights of Indiana, have rallied to the issuing of General Bragg's noted proclamation; then would many thousands of friends in Indiana, Ohio and Illinois have joined the Southern army; then, too, could General Bragg, having cut off the Western from the Eastern States, have whispered terms of peace into the Northwestern ear; and then might we have reasonably hoped for peace. But now all hope for peace is indefinitely postponed, and our prospects are gloomier than when we began to cross the mountain, because our appearance near the Ohio has caused many a man to be added to the Northern army that, had we remained south of the mountain, would never have taken up arms against us.

### Aid for Starving England

New York, Nov. 26.—The Post says that there is a movement on foot for the despatch of two or three ship-loads of provisions to England for the relief of the starving operatives in Lancashire. Eminent shipping men and merchants have taken the subject in hand, and it is proposed to send one vessel immediately.

### Release of Political Prisoners.

Boston, November 28.—By order from Washington, all the political prisoners were released from Fort Warren, yesterday.—Many left for their homes last night, including Marshal Kane, of Baltimore.

New York, November 28.—The political prisoners in Fort Lafayette, have been released, including Pierre Soule.

The following words have been added to the oath which discharged State prisoners are required to take before their release is granted—"And that I will not at any future time commence, or cause any action or suit against the officers of any loyal State, or of the United States, for causing my arrest or imprisonment."

No important movements are reported from the Army of the Potomac. The railroad from Aquia Creek has been completed, and the trains now run from the Potomac to the Rappahannock. The pontoon trains and the reserve artillery (siege train) have also been brought up. As the completion of the railroad and the arrival of the pontoon and heavy artillery trains are understood to have been the causes of delay, active operations will probably now be resumed and the determination of the Rebels to contest the passage of the Rappahannock tested. A reconnaissance was on Friday in progress that promised important results. Fredericksburg, we learn, is not occupied by the Rebels in force, merely a picket guard being there on duty. Business, however, is totally suspended, and the only flag visible is one of Great Britain, flying from a private residence. The President on Wednesday paid a visit to Gen. Burnside, meeting him at Belleplaine. The interview is understood to have been an important one. Intelligence from the front shows that Stonewall Jackson's army was on Thursday between White Plains and Salem, on the road to Warrenton. There are no Rebel troops in Leesburg, and it is believed that no considerable body of them remain in the Shenandoah Valley, east of White Plains.

### The Recent Murder of a Missionary in Turkey—Execution of the Murderer.

Commander Thatcher, of the ship Constellation, in a letter to the Navy Department, dated Spezia, the 3d Dec., says he had just received advice from our consul at Beirut, Syria, that the Sultan's firman for the execution of the murderer of Mr. Coffin, the American missionary, reached Adana while the Constellation was still at anchor near that place, and the criminal was immediately beheaded in the presence of a vast concourse of people, and without any popular outbreak, as had been anticipated.

The consular representatives of the United States, France, Prussia, and Italy, witnessed the execution, which is said to have been hastened on account of the presence of the ship Constellation. The official announcement reached this port a very short time after she had sailed.

The Turkish Government has behaved with great justice and equity toward the United States in this matter.

### Attempt to Burn Memphis.

CAIRO, Nov. 27.—A desperate attempt has been made on the part of incendiaries to burn the city of Memphis. On Sunday night there were ten different fires there, and on Monday night fourteen, showing conclusively that there is a concerted movement to destroy the city.

Great alarm exists among the inhabitants in consequence. On Tuesday morning, a body of two hundred and fifty cavalry entered the town of Henderson, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and burned the station house and other property. They also took a company of United States soldiers prisoners.

### The Indian Massacres in Minnesota.

Prominent citizens of Minnesota at Washington, say that if the Government does not punish those Indians who were convicted for participating in recent massacres in that State, the people will take the case in their own hands and deal out an awful retribution. Senator Wilkinson, of that State, had an audience with President Lincoln Friday, when the latter said that he would consider the matter after Congress met.

AFTER THE ABSENTEE OFFICERS.—The military quarantine is now fully at work, and the President is resolved to rid the service of all skulkers, cowards, drunkards, shufflers and men incompetent for their positions. Secret Provost Marshals in Philadelphia on Thursday sent an additional list of nearly four hundred officers, who have been lazing without leave in hotels and boarding houses of the city. Similar investigations are being made in New York, Boston and elsewhere.

One hundred officers, absent without leave, were on Wednesday stricken from the roll at Washington, and their names have been published. This is the first installment of one thousand now absent skulking.

LOUISVILLE, November 27.—An order which has just been issued by Gen. Boyle gives much satisfaction to the conservative men in this section, and is complimented by the press. It is in substance as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE DISTRICT OF WESTERN KENTUCKY, Louisville, Nov. 27.—All commanding officers serving in this district are ordered not to permit negro slaves to enter their camps, and all officers and privates are forbidden to interfere or intermeddle with slaves in any way."

### STRIKING THEM FROM THE ROLL.

The secret Provost Marshals of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, are procuring the names of every officer whom they notice lounging in the rum shops, gambling halls, and side walks of those cities, which are immediately forwarded to Washington city, and there, when found to be absent without leave, or having absented themselves over a period fixed, such officers are at once stricken from the army lists.

A letter from General Preston, of the Rebel army in Tennessee, is very gloomy as to Rebel prospects. He advises his wife (in Nashville) to look for peace in some happier land until this cruel war is over. He says that James B. Clay (the recent son of Henry Clay) bitterly denounces Bragg for disappointing the expectations which he inspired. Clay has no command. Preston says Clay is discontented, disappointed and angry as to Kentucky. "She has become an open shame, I fear, to our enemies, a scorn and derision even to Yankees, to whom she was betrayed."

A touching proof of the depth of women's love was witnessed at Canterbury, Connecticut, recently, at the funeral of Sergeant Charles Lewis, who was killed at Antietam. A young lady, Miss Hyde, to whom he was engaged, upon hearing of his death, was taken fatally sick and died in a few days, and was buried at the same time as her lover.

At Tiffin, Ohio, the other day, Van Amburg's trained elephant "Jannibal" broke open the wagon of a candy pedler who followed the show, and gobbled down, in less time than it takes to read this paragraph, six thousand gingerbread cakes, seventy pounds of candy, and forty pounds of "French kisses."

### HARPER'S FERRY, Va., Nov. 26.—

Another successful reconnaissance was made from here this morning. The reconnoitering force consisted of two hundred chosen men from the 7th Ohio, two hundred from the 29th Pennsylvania, two hundred from the 147th Pennsylvania, a section of Hampton's Battery, and forty men of the First Battalion Maryland Cavalry. The expedition moved from Bolivar Heights at 3 A. M. General Geary commanded in person, leading them by an unfrequented road to the Shenandoah. Stealthily advancing along the left bank in the first streak of day, a company of the 12th Virginia Cavalry were surprised. Our infantry gave them a volley. Confusion and panic followed among the enemy, and General Geary ordered our cavalry to charge. The Rebels made good time; but beside two of their wounded, nine others and ten horses were captured.

Gen. Geary meantime detached part of his force towards Hallowtown, where they surprised and routed another company of cavalry, wounding several and capturing two horses.

A junction was soon formed, and our troops pushed onward to more important work. A large cloth factory, which has been running night and day, manufacturing clothes for the Rebels, about six miles from here, on the Shenandoah, was the next object attacked. The mill cost the Rebels near one hundred thousand dollars, and contained large quantities of wool and manufactured cloth. The machinery was broken to fragments, and the mill knocked to splinters, the stores floated down the Shenandoah, and the cloth sent here.

Our little force next fell upon a large quantity of flour, stored for "Stonewall" Jackson's army. This was consigned to Old Shenandoah, except three wagon loads, that were forwarded hither.

FREDERICK, MD., Nov. 28.—Between two and three o'clock on Wednesday morning, a gang of twenty or thirty Rebel guerrillas, led, it is reported by Evan Dorsey, of bridge-burning notoriety, crossed into Maryland and visited the village of Urbana, seven miles southeast of this place, on the road leading to Washington. They made a descent upon the store of Thomas A. Smith, the postmaster at Urbana, and after robbing the store, made Smith and a young man named Harris, the assistant postmaster, mount two of Smith's horses, with the design of carrying them off as prisoners.

Smith, who is a resolute man, watched his opportunity, and gave them the slip in the darkness of the night. The Rebels fired three or four shots after him, but missed him. Thinking Harris might also escape, one of the gang shot him through the body, saying, "We'll make short of you, before you try on the same game." They then rode away, leaving him for dead by the roadside. The ball penetrated his left lung, and it is reported here that he died yesterday morning. He is the son of Dr. Zachariah C. Harris, a very respectable citizen of the vicinity. The gang stayed only about an hour at Urbana, and their special purpose seems to have been to carry away Smith, who is a pretty outspoken loyalist.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.—Joseph Kellerman and family, who emigrated from Bedford county to Anderson county, Kansas, about four years ago, were again proceeding further west, when they were overtaken by prairie fires, which consumed him and his wife and two little boys. They had resided in Anderson county until about the 30th of October last, when they started for a point some fifty miles west of their late residence. They were overtaken when they were about ten miles out and everything in or belonging to their wagon, was devoured. Three of the older children were driving the cattle and succeeded in escaping this horrible end. The facts of this terrible death were communicated to the *Belford Inquirer*.

In a conversation between Lieutenant General Scott and Major General Banks, a few days ago in New York, (according to a despatch we find in the Boston Journal,) the veteran told General Banks that he had watched his military career with great interest, and complimented him in earnest terms on what he had accomplished. "You will not," General Scott said, "expect me to ask your destination, nor is it necessary for I see that you have already informed your friends that you are going South."

"That was a clever answer, General!" Gen. Scott further said: "My infirmities cause me to long for a Southern climate, but I cannot find it nearer than Cuba, and I will not live under a foreign flag." General Banks replied: "We hope in a short time, General, that you may have a tranquil residence in any part of the South that you may desire to visit."

EXCHANGING GUERRILLAS.—The expedition of shipping about 1,000 of the rebel prisoners now confined in the Gratiot street prison, St. Louis, to Vicksburg, is seriously considered. These are chiefly guerrillas who have surrendered themselves, or have been arrested after they have abandoned their rebel occupation. The Confederates do not recognize them on an equality with their own soldiers, and hence they are not available as exchangeable prisoners of war.

FOREIGN GRAIN FOR SEED ORDERED.—The Commissioner of Agriculture has ordered, through the Hon. Wm. Slade, our consul at Nice, a quantity of the best wheat in Southern France. He has also addressed a letter to our Minister at Stockholm, requesting that a supply of black oats for seed be forwarded to this country; also, for our consul at Ravel, Russia, for a quantity of Russian rye of a superior quality.

CONTRACTS FOR THE HIDES, TALLOW, &c., OF ARMY CATTLE.—Sealed proposals for the purchase of the hides, tallow, hoofs, and horns of cattle killed by the Army of the Potomac rivers and the Blue Ridge, the contractor to follow the army and collect all the hides, tallow, &c., at his own risk, were opened in Washington on Tuesday. There were about forty bids. The highest and successful bidder was Toriano Lombard, of Chicago, at \$7.80 per head.

THE QUOTA OF MINNESOTA.—The St. Paul Press, of the 9th, announces that the quotas for that State, under the call for volunteers and drafted men, are entirely filled by voluntary enlistments. No draft in Minnesota will therefore be required.

### The Battle of Corinth, Miss.

The official report of Gen. Rosecrans, who commanded the Union troops at the battle of Corinth, Miss., early in October, has recently made its appearance in the newspapers. It was indeed a desperate battle, fought by our gallant troops against double their number. The report is very interesting, and goes fully into detail. It is too long for our columns this week, and we copy the concluding paragraphs, which give the results of the battle:

"We fought the combined rebel forces of Mississippi, commanded by Van Dorn, Price, Lovell, Villigique and Rust, in person, numbering, according to their own authority, 38,000 men. We signally defeated them with little more than half their numbers, and they fled leaving their dead and wounded on the field. The enemy's loss in killed was 1,423, officers and men. Their loss in wounded, taking the general average, amounts to 5,092. We took 2,263 prisoners, among whom were 187 field officers, captains and subalterns, representing fifty-three regiments of infantry, sixteen regiments of cavalry, thirteen batteries of artillery and seven separate companies. We took also fourteen stands of colors, two pieces of artillery, thirty-three hundred stand of small arms, forty five thousand rounds of ammunition, and a large lot of accoutrements.

"The enemy blew up several ammunition wagons, between Corinth and Chewalla, and beyond Chewalla many ammunition wagons and carriages were destroyed, and the ground was strewn with tents, officers' mess chests and small arms. We pursued them forty miles, in force, and sixty miles with cavalry.

"Our loss was only 315 killed, 1,812 wounded, and 232 prisoners and missing.

"It is said the enemy was so demoralized and alarmed at our advance, that they set fire to the stores at Topella, but finding we were not close upon them, they extinguished the fire and removed the public stores, except two car loads of bacon, which they destroyed."

The intelligence that our armies in the West will all shortly move in concert will be hailed with pleasure by every one who has the success of the loyal cause at heart. These tried veterans, the heroes of Henry, Donelson, Pea Ridge, Corinth, and other bloody fields, will soon be on the march to deal far heavier blows than they have ever done before, and establish the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution over the fertile valley of the Mississippi. The only obstacle in the way of opening the "Father of Waters" to its mouth are the fortified towns of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. All that nature and the devices of accomplished engineers could do, has been done to make these places impregnable to any force that we can bring against them. To confront these strongholds of the rebellion, and to reduce them to submission to the Constitution and the laws, we have two armies, commanded by brave and accomplished officers, and composed of men who have already been participants in the deadly strife, and who are only pining for the word of command that will bring them face to face with the rebels. In addition to these, we have a gallant little fleet, whose former achievements are a sure guarantee that in the future they will do as well as they have done in the past. The expedition of General McClelland is now at Columbus, but the Government has obtained a large number of steamers, and the soldiers will shortly embark on them. Admiral Porter, with wonderful tact and industry, has refitted the navy made famous by former successes, and has sent several gunboats down the river to reconnoitre the position of the rebels. The army of Gen. Grant, which will undoubtedly co-operate with that of General McClelland, is still at La Grange, but will also shortly march forward. It is possible that this army, before it reaches its point of destination, Jackson, will have to fight a battle or two; but we are confident that it will be ultimately successful. With two such armies, may we not confidently hope that the great Mississippi river will again be free by Christmas?

Our New Orleans exchanges furnish some interesting intelligence. A series of orders had recently been issued by Gen. Butler, which serve as additional proof that no difficulty can arise in his Department which he is not able to grasp. The property within the district recently possessed by our forces under Gen. Weitzel, to be known as the Lafourche District, is declared sequestered, and all sales or transfers of it are forbidden. This district comprises all the territory of Louisiana lying west of the Mississippi, excepting the parishes of Plaquemine and Jefferson. A Commission is appointed to take possession of the district, and the sugar plantations are to be worked by their owners, and negro or white labor may be employed at discretion. All property belonging to disloyal persons is to be inventoried and sold for the benefit of the Government, under the provisions of the Confiscation Act. Another order suppresses distilleries and other manufactories of strong drink. Another one announces that any officer found drinking intoxicating liquors in any public drinking place will be recommended to the President for dismissal from the service. Another one suppresses the newspaper known as the National Advocate, for an improper publication. Still another prohibits the arrest of any slave unless the person arresting knows that such slave is owned by a loyal citizen.

SUICIDE.—A man named Richard Spotts, residing in the vicinity of Washington, Pa., committed suicide on Wednesday morning by hanging. The deceased was a single man, between the ages of thirty five and forty years, and resided on his father's farm. A short time previous he had sold a lot of grain and some hogs at a figure which he subsequently found was too low, and this had given him considerable trouble. He was discovered suspended by the neck, in the stable, near his father's residence, and the only cause assigned for the act is that above alluded to. Animals in human shape are better out than in the world.

AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.—We shall soon know the result of an important movement on the Mississippi under the command of Commodore Porter and General McClelland. All rebellion will soon be made to howl. With such generals as Grant, Rosecrans and McClelland, and such naval commanders as Porter and Farragut, the rebels will soon find warm work.



